VOL. VIII. NUMB. 568.

The SPECTATOR.

------ Dum recitas, incipit eſſe Tuus. Mart.

FRIDAY, *July* 16. 1714.

I Was Yeſterday in a Coffee-Houſe not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I obſerved three Perſons in cloſe Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own uſe, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that ſtood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongſt them, ſat down, and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the ſame Candle, is looked upon among Brother-ſmokers as an Overture to Converſation and Friendſhip. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raiſing, I took up the laſt SPECTATOR, and caſting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, ſays I, *is very witty to Day*; upon which a luſty lethargick old Gentleman who ſat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoke, which he had been collecting for ſome Time before, *Ay*, ſays he, *more witty than wiſe I am afraid.* His Neighbour who ſat at his right Hand immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with ſo much Wrath that he broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furniſhed me with a Tobacco-ſtopper. I took it up very ſedately, and looking him full in the Face, made uſe of it from Time to Time all the while he was ſpeaking: *This Fellow*, ſays he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you ſee how he abuſes* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on

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eat Man, who ſhall

the Paper, and asked him if he meant thoſe who were repreſented by Aſteriſks. *Aſteriſks*, ſays he, *do you call them? They are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines! Ch-rch and P-dd-ng in the ſame Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Diſpoſition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For*, ſays he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Daſhes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Daſh*, ſays the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Poſterity will be in a ſweet P--ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length if he means honeſtly? I have read over the whole Sentence*, ſays I; *but I look upon the Parentheſis in the Belly of it to be the moſt dangerous Part, and as full of Inſinuations as it can hold. But who*, ſays I, *is my Lady* Q--p--t--s? *Ay, Anſwer, that if you can, Sir*, ſays the furious Stateſman to the poor Whig that ſat over-againſt him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do aſſure you*, ſays he, *were I my Lady* Q--p--t--s, *I would ſue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Muſt every Body be allowed to---?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe, and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the laſt Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much Rage and Trepidation that he almoſt ſtifled the whole Company.

After

After a ſhort Pauſe, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing ſo many Letters of my Lady *Q--p--t--s*'s Name; *but however*, ſays I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without ſo much as a Conſonant to direct us; I mean*, ſays I, *after thoſe Words*, The Fleet, that uſed to be the Terrour of the Ocean, ſhould be Wind-bound for the Sake of a -----; *after which enſues a Chaſm, that, in my Opinion, looks modeſt enough. Sir*, ſays my Antagoniſt, *you may eaſily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I ſuppoſe he deſigns his Chaſm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly ſerve his Turn. Who can endure to ſee the great Officers of State, the B----y's and T---t's, treated after ſo ſcurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life*, ſays I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* ſays he, ---- *Your humble Servant Sir!* Upon which he flung himſelf back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his Left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and ſeeing my Pipe out, very generouſly offered me the uſe of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with my ſelf upon that groſs Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wiſe*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious Age, which a weak Head may not conſtrue into private Satyr and perſonal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Noſe at an Innuendo, ſmells Treaſon and Sedition in the moſt innocent Words that can be put together, and never ſees a Vice or Folly ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of ſeveral Perſons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mention'd by that excellent Author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt Books in the World into a Libel againſt the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overſeers of the Poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Pariſh. This Book with theſe extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current Report that Some-body had written a Book againſt the 'Squire and the whole Pariſh. The Miniſter of the Place having at that Time a Controverſy with ſome of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under ſome Suſpicion of being the Author, till the good Man ſet his People right by ſhewing them that the ſatyrical Paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ againſt all the Sinners in *England*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Tueſday next will be Publiſhed,

An Account of Switzerland, written in the Year 1714. By Abraham Stanyan, Eſq; Her Majeſty's late Envoy there. Printed for J. Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine Street in the Strand.

Juſt Publiſhed,

The Shepherd's Week, in Six Paſtorals. Written by J. Gay. The ſecond Edition adorn'd with Cutts. Printed for J. Tonſon in the Strand, and ſold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the Second Edition of, The Fan, a Poem in 3 Books, by the ſame Author.

There is now in the Preſs, and in a very ſhort Time will be Publiſhed,

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